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## FROLICS OF FASHION.

It is told of an old Scotch laird that he had acquired the habit of walking in an odd shambling manner from an excess of politeness while residing at a foreign court, where the reigning prince had the misfortune to be somewhat stiff in the ankle-joints. There was nothing very remarkable in this trait of complaisance, for the spirit of imitation in dress, language, and customs of all kinds is of so universally pervading an influence, that, right or wrong, its dictates are unhesitatingly followed. One therefore should not laugh too hard at the old laird's affected lameness. We are all less or more followers, from imitation and habit, of usages which common sense has some difficulty in justifying.

Of all despots, Fashion is the most despotic; and yet the thing is entirely voluntary. There is, however, the terror of appearing to act differently from what seems to be a legitimately-erected standard. No inquiry is employed as to the correctness of the taste which has suggested any distinct change in fashion. No matter even that accident has been the cause of the alteration; for, as in a state of panic, what all hasten to do cannot possibly be wrong. In the modern lady-world, this panic of fashion is observed to work as marvellous transformations as that which took place among the towering head-dresses of Addison's days, and to have about as reasonable a purpose. When the Queen was on the Clyde last year, finding her face visited too roughly by the air of our Scottish hills, she tied her veil under her chin. The action was natural, and the effect no doubt, in the circumstances, becoming. The royal cheeks, warm with health, flushed with womanly and queenly feeling, and fanned by the welcoming breezes of the north, looked almost as beautiful, we daresay, as a moss-rose. However that may be, before the day was out, there were hundreds of other cheeks in the same predicament. The rage of imitation spread. In the shadiest walks—in the closest streets of the town—in the calmest and hottest days of the season—the veil was fashionably tied under the chin. The fashion, however, was in reality made a fashion only through misapprehension; for the Queen had merely adopted a temporary expedient to serve a temporary end; and when the emergence was over, she no doubt unloosed the knot, and gave her veil to the winds as usual. Her imitators were as unregardful of *circumstances* as the very sagacious monkey which gulped a package of medicine because he saw his master swallow a quantity of the same material previously.

To a silly and panic-like rage of imitation may no doubt most fashions be traced; the fear of infringing even a trifling point in a prevailing usage being perhaps stronger than that which makes men avoid the commission of serious error. And thus highly arti-

ficial states of society, in which etiquette exercises the chief control, cannot be said to be favourable to the growth of moral excellence. We would not, however, have it thought that there is anything either blameable or ridiculous—far from it—in following fashions which are convenient, becoming, and suitable to general circumstances. Every successive generation introduces some species of novelty, which is an expression of social progress; and in costumes and customs we may read the moral history of a country as distinctly as in its medals and monuments. Fortunately the tendency of fashion in our own day is towards simplicity; though in this respect we are only following the progress which commenced a generation ago. The imitation which challenges sarcasm is that of the monkey and the medicine—a fantastic copying of what is valueless and unsuitable. In this respect it is a meanness, and betrays as much the want of true dignity as of common reflection. It is the enemy of fashion, perpetually turning it into ridicule, and forcing it into a thousand feverish changes to escape from its persecutions. These changes are sometimes as comical as those of the two fairies in the 'Arabian Nights,' who fought through a series of metamorphoses. We remember the leaders of ton, some years ago, had recourse to the expedient of disguising their voices by a certain dexterous use of the roof of the mouth. Even this, however, did not baffle their pursuers; in a very short time the world of slavish imitators acquired the new form of speech, and drove invention to new shifts. At a later epoch some ingenious persons stuck an eye-glass into their eye, supporting it by the muscles alone, and bearing with heroic equanimity the inconvenience and the ridicule: but this has now come down to the order of small imitators, who affect to bask in the sunshine of fashion.

As regards the mass of mankind, imitation is a kind of substitute for principle; and estimated not in its extreme aspect, until individuals are better able to direct their own movements, it deserves indulgence, if not approbation. So many persons are placed in circumstances adverse to original or independent thought, that we cannot speak too flatteringly of efforts at imitation, which, though sometimes grotesque, and possibly out of place, are in the main respectable, and significant of a wish for improvement. On a late occasion, when shown into the cottage of a rural labourer, we observed with surprise that a small table was laid out with books star-fashion, as in the drawing-room of a city. The effort at gentility was in one sense ludicrous; yet how deserving was it of commendation, *all things considered!* The true way to view such things is to place them in contrast with that utter disregard of all the decencies of life which is unhappily manifested by parties moving in a rank equal to that of the rural labourer. Only a day or two

previously we had visited the house of a person of greater worldly possessions, and found the family living almost in a state of nature along with their cattle. Exhibitions of this latter sort are calculated to inspire a wonderful degree of toleration of imitative efforts at elegance and improvement, however incongruous. Better see a population toiling to ape the fashions of refined society, than see it contented with the listless mediocrity of semi-barbarism! Placed in this light, the mimicry of fashion is to be viewed as one of those tendencies which Providence has impressed on mankind for their benefit. It is constantly drawing them out of the slough of natural desires, and leading them by steps, imperceptible to themselves, towards the higher aims of civilisation.

### THE START IN LIFE.

#### A TALE.

'WELL, Cousin Danby, so Mary is going to be married? I rode over to hear all about it, and to ask how soon I am to wish you joy.'

'Thank you kindly, John,' replied the mother of the bride-elect, her face beaming with smiles: 'indeed you should have been the first to hear the news, only you were away at the assizes; for often and often Mary said to me that there was no one in the world on whose advice she would depend, or to whose opinion she would look up more entirely, than your own: not that Mary felt any doubts as to her choice; she knew him all her life, and so do we all—as good a gentleman bred and born as in all Ireland: indeed for that matter, much better than Mary had any right to expect: but she did often say that had you been at home before matters were entirely settled, she would have liked to consult you as to what you thought best.'

With all patience and attention John Travers listened, knowing well that interruption would only add to the intricacy of the narrative. Now, however, at a pause he inquired where was Mary; but without heeding the inquiry, Mrs Danby proceeded in her harangue. Mary's intended husband, Frank Nugent, had got a wonderful catch of a farm on lease from Mr Jones, and everything no doubt would go on beautifully. There could not have been a better start in life!

'And where is the capital to encounter so large an undertaking?'

'Oh, Mary, you know, has a hundred pounds, and Frank will probably get something from his brother George.'

'Umph,' said John Travers. 'The bargain is not completely made?'

'Quite settled,' answered Mrs Danby with a look full of satisfaction. The lease was drawn and signed a fortnight ago. Tradesmen are in the house, and most part of the furniture is come home. Mary has not quite fixed the day, but I have an idea it is not very far off.'

'I did not expect to hear matters had gone so far,' said John gravely; 'though guessing pretty well long ago how they would end. As you say, their choice does credit to them both; and yet I confess, Cousin Danby, I more than share in Mary's anxieties regarding the future; and as my notions are my own, I am afraid I cannot so easily lay them by. But tell me, how did Frank Nugent come by such a bargain? Mr Jones has the name of being a hard and griping agent, and very few real bargains, as I hear, have ever passed through his hands.'

'Oh, but Frank is very different from the generality of his tenants,' replied the widow. 'No wonder if Mr Jones made a compliment to him; or most likely the family had interest with Sir Hugh himself, and got the place for Frank without any thanks to the agent. Indeed it seems so natural to me that any of the Nugents could get a farm whenever they chose to look for it, that I never thought of making it a subject of inquiry.'

'Interest—interest—the Irish look too much to doing things through interest,' said John Travers composedly.

'And all right too, if they have not a fortune of their own,' replied Mrs Danby. 'But tell me, Cousin John, what you would have recommended.'

'That is soon done. I should have advised Mary and her intended husband to wait a little till better times, or at all events not to have started with a heavy farm on their hands, but, in preference, to have opened a shop in the town. I know one, with a stock to boot, which is at present to be had for a comparatively small sum.'

'A shop! Did you say a shop? Our family have never descended to the meanness of trade. I am glad I was the first, and I hope the last, to hear of your doubtless well-meaning, but unsuitable proposal. It will ill become any of Mary's relations to teach Frank Nugent that his position was lowered by his marriage.'

'Well, cousin, no offence meant either to you or the Nugents, or least of all to dear little Mary. I wished to see her and her husband independent, what they never will be at the fag end of what you call their position. Gladly would I have done something to spare Mary the weary struggle of keeping up false appearances—done anything but quench her heart's young joy. Remember that, Cousin Danby, I would not thwart this marriage—I would not even say it was inconsiderate or ill-advised, though many might agree with me—for I know them both thoroughly: they are good, honest, loving, and in the end they will pull through.'

Luckily, as Mrs Danby remarked, the advice and the foreboding were both too late, and John Travers was too wise and too kind to offer superfluous counsel; so he bided his time, contenting himself for the present with forwarding their preparations as far as lay in his power, avoiding all discussions of ways and means. Mary alone, perhaps, read his silence aright—his forbearance; but as this was a point on which her doubts had been stifled by the hand which was to provide for the future, she determined, in the fulness of womanly trust, that no other should revive them again; and thus the subject was tacitly dropped, while both in their own way looked as happy and hopeful on the day of the wedding as if no cloud from the future had ever shadowed their minds.

Happy and hopeful!—those were no words for Mrs Danby; she was actually radiant as carriage and jaunting-car drove up to her door, and the full tide of compliments and congratulations poured in. To do her justice, her hopes and her plans were all centered in her daughter; her dreams of ambition only through her: she still had her dreams, but they were about to be realised, and she was contented to shine for the future with reflected light.

Mrs Danby was the widow of an officer, who, some twenty years before, when quartered in this her native village, captivated by her blooming face, had married and taken her away. She returned at his death with one little daughter, judging from experience that the slender provision, which was scarce better than poverty amongst strangers, would seem quite a fortune in the eyes of her humbler connections at home; and by good management, and keeping her own counsel, it really answered all the purposes of a fortune in her hands. Every one hastened to welcome her—every one tried to assist—all gave her credit for genuine feeling in returning to her early home and friends—none suspected that necessity had influenced her choice; and all at once she found herself, for the first time in her life, a person of consequence in the circle in which she lived. But, unreasonable woman, this did not satisfy her; she had been all her life clinging to the edge of another, and could know no contentment until she had slipped herself fairly in. Had her ambition been for Mary only, it might have been abundantly gratified; her sweet looks and manner unconsciously won their way in circles where her father had been intimate many

years before. But no one thought it requisite to include Mrs Danby in the attentions paid to her daughter; and each solitary invitation would have been a source of fresh vexation, had she not regarded Mary as the stepping-stone by which her wishes were to be accomplished in the end.

It might have been false and mortifying position for Mary to find herself accepted on a memory that had all but passed away, while her actual connections remained unnoticed and unknown—even her mother. But she had too much tact ever to complain: instinctively she stood in awe of Mary's true heart—her single mind; she knew her daughter would never mix in society where her mother was rejected; and still hoping on, made her present retirement seem both to Mary and her own companions quite a matter of choice.

How often would Mary, in the midst of her pleasant anticipations of some party, lay down her simple attire with a sigh, and exclaim—'Oh, mamma, what a pity that you too may not wear a white muslin—then you need never stay at home from unwillingness to spend money in a suitable dress; though shame for me,' she would add, throwing her arms round her neck, 'to give even this as a reason, when I know too well you lost all heart for amusement before ever you came here!'

And again, how often would the mother scan the sweet ingenuous face of her child, on her return from some excursion, to discover whether it bore any trace of the mortifications her own sensitive vanity always led her to apprehend. But no: Mary, as we have said, was too true-hearted, too gentle, ever thus to suffer: she made no vain pretensions, and her companions were well contented to love her for what she really was; so well, that when Frank Nugent began to love her best of any, his sisters and his mother only hoped he would deserve her, and thought him fortunate indeed when he won her true and warm heart. Luckily they knew but little of Mrs Danby, or of her boastful delight at 'the connection'; little of worthy John Travers and his grave anxieties, else their judgments might have remained suspended between the hopes of the one and the fears of the other, until the scale had been turned against Mary herself.

Frank's eldest brother, George Nugent, indeed protested they were a couple of fools: Frank for selling his hunter, and giving up his free quarters at home; Mary for refusing a rich old squire, whose admiration had long been their standing joke. And confoundedly unseasonable, to use his own words, was Frank's request to be paid off the few hundreds, his portion as a younger son, and in fact all he could call his own. So the money not being convenient, George bestirred himself to find some equivalent. Mustering together two or three past obligations, and some unpleasant information which he had equally stored up, he now brought them to bear, in the friendliest manner, on Mr Jones the agent; received in return the lease of the farm, which Frank in his turn accepted in lieu of his claim—no unfrequent mode of management; and thus all parties were pleased—the agent, who gave only a nominal bargain; the brother, who cleared off an encumbrance on his property; the young lovers, rejoicing in their own happiness and the goodwill of their friends, heedless that in one instance it had been purchased, and dearly too; and Mrs Danby and John Travers both right in their conclusions: Mr Nugent's interest had obtained the farm—Frank's money had secured that interest.

Some few, very few years had passed by, when whispers began to float about too much in the tone of John Travers's early forebodings. Mrs Danby's countenance—a true barometer—no longer bright and exulting, revealed much that her lips were still far from uttering. She had moved down again to the lowly front parlour, again condescending to be amused by the movements of the village street; and if now and then she did ascend to her former quarters, and station herself again at the favourite window, it was no longer ostentatiously to point out 'the residence of Mrs Nugent,' but to weep,

where none could see her, over Mary's fallen prospects and her desolate home.

Perhaps had she visited it oftener she would have found less occasion for sorrow. How many griefs, how much of regret and disappointment, might we all find ourselves spared if we only took a sober and probable view of the future in the morning of life! In the morning of life? Yes; not that of the youthful dreamer, not that morning still gilt with the glories of dawn; but of actual life, with its cares and its business, on which few enter steadily without finding its reasonable promise fulfilled. But if Mrs Danby was still a dreamer, it was not so with Mary. From the first, she had been aware of her position, and determined to make the best of it. She knew she could never expect to mingle on equal terms with the rich or great of their neighbourhood; and wondering at her mother's extravagant anticipations, she gently, but decidedly, discouraged them at once, though pained to find her motives entirely misunderstood; her mother attributing the check to unwillingness on the part of Mary to allow her to participate in amusements which she could never believe would be voluntarily resigned. But Mary was firm, even with Frank, though with him her part was different, more easy, yet more difficult: she was all in all to him, supplied the place of all; and yet he had been accustomed to so many things of which he never knew the value—things supplied without question in his brother's somewhat wasteful establishment—that she felt those minor privations must be a continual strain on his good-humour, and that on her devolved the task of preventing them from becoming a strain upon his love. She tried to give as modest a tone as possible to their establishment; to prove from the very first that superfluities were not necessities; and that now, while life and joy were young, was the time to accustom themselves to live without indulgences which might be requisite, yet not attainable, in after-years. But to do all this with a husband all his life accustomed to indiscriminating hospitality; always ready to enjoy the passing hour; whose favourite maxim was, 'we'll never do it younger; to do this efficiently, and yet not disagreeably; to check extravagance without infringing on real comfort; to lessen their circle of society, yet leave no wearisome blank; to choose so well, and exert herself so well, that the few more than supplied the place of the many—this was surely an arduous task for quiet unpretending little Mary: but she set about it with all her heart and all her spirit; and it was done.

She succeeded so well, that even George, who began by calling them fools, and indeed, as far as Frank was concerned, by verifying his words, was now fain to call him 'a lucky dog.' He would often escape from his own irregular home to enjoy the comfort and the quiet of their well-ordered dwelling; and was never better pleased than when one of Mary's fairy notes would furnish him with an excuse, by asking him to ride up 'Lady Lilly,' and give her to poor Frank for one day with the hounds; or to bring the greyhounds in the morning, that he might enjoy a day's coursing after his hard work all the week; and to remember all the while it must seem to come from himself, as Frank would be twice as much delighted then. 'Yes, Frank is a lucky dog: she is a woman in a thousand,' was always George's soliloquy as he hastened to obey her behests. But latterly it was uttered more slowly, more sadly; then followed by an impatient burst, 'But where's the good of it all? Of all her good sense, all her good management, they have nothing to work on: I have nothing to spare them; and sooner or later, the crash must come at last.'

It came sooner even than any anticipated: it came to them, as well as many another, in Ireland's fatal year. But though hastened by general calamity, it was not the less inevitable; for Frank had embarked far beyond his means, and no after-prudence could retrieve that step. Ground imperfectly cultivated; shortcoming crops; cattle insufficiently housed and fed, dying in

the hour of need, and those even purchased at a price nearly double their value 'on time'—time that expired without bringing anything to satisfy its demands. At last, as we have said, that year came when none could afford to be indulgent, none could wait for money once due; debt after debt was demanded, and paid out of the produce of the farm as far as it went, in the hope that when the next gale came round, Mr Jones too might give a little time. Vain hope! an ejectionment was served; and Frank and Mary found at last that they had only to depend on each other's true heart for comfort and counsel under the long-impending blow.

At least it was on that they each most relied in the hour of need. Though grateful to many friends who offered sympathy and assistance, they resolved to be independent for the future, however lowly might be their lot; and agreed there was no shame in honest poverty while they could truly say, according to the apostle's injunction, they 'owed no man anything but love.' George Nugent and John Travers were both included in the family council. George, really distressed, yet without the least notion of business, could offer no better suggestion than that they should sell all, and pay all, and take up their quarters with him until better times. This offer he pressed on them warmly—kindly, for he made it bear the aspect of a favour to himself.

'You will do us more good than can be told, dear Mary. Since my poor mother died the house is all at sixes and sevens; the girls know nothing of management, and I myself am going to the dogs. Do half as much for us as you have already done for Frank, and we will have reason for ever to bless the day you came amongst us.'

There was a soft light in Mary's eyes as she turned them on her husband; if her gentle heart could have felt pride, it might have glowed at that moment to hear the head of the family, amidst all their ruin, declare that she had effectually done her part. But there was nothing in her look that spoke acceptance of the invitation; and Frank, reading it aright, while he gratefully thanked his brother, hastened to decline the offer for them both.

'No, George, it would never do for me to go back to our old ways: a relapse is always worse than the first disease; and Mary's care and trouble must not go for nothing in the end. Besides, there are the children.'

'Oh, the more the merrier,' interrupted George. 'You know how fond I am of them already.'

'Yes, too fond, dear George,' said Mary affectionately; 'too fond of them and of us. You would spoil us all; and you know there is not quite so much of life before us now; we must be up and doing something to retrieve the years we have already let pass.'

But what that something was to be—all now turned their eyes on steady John; while he in his turn hesitated, and seemed diffident of what he had to say. He looked at Mary—so soft and delicate, so apparently unequal to encounter the rough ways of the world—at Frank, with his somewhat proud and careless air, so unsuited to its lower paths—and again he looked reluctant to speak what was in his mind; but seeing that all three awaited his opinion, he commenced by asking Frank whether he should certainly give up the farm, and what surplus they hoped to retain after disposing of everything.

'The farm gives me up,' answered Frank sadly. 'I owe more than a year's rent, and can expect no allowance; so I suppose all I have will not do much more than pay. At most, I cannot have more than a hundred pounds clear after all.'

'Then,' said John Travers boldly, 'that is nothing to live on, though something for a beginning, if turned to good account. Move down to the village, and open a meal store; keep your three best horses, and have them continually on the road bringing it out from the ships; attend yourself—ay, and Mary too—to the sale from morning to night; and, mark my words—you will

be richer before the year is over than you were in all your lives before.'

He stopped short, like one who had made a desperate plunge without knowing the depth, and now hardly ventured to look at the faces around him. He might have seen an angry flush on that of George, as he turned hastily to the window and began beating time upon the pane; Mary's eyes were cast down, and her fair cheek a little pale; Frank silent and thoughtful, but calmer than any. He was the first to speak; and holding out his hand to John, said, 'I believe you are right; I at anyrate thank you sincerely for your straightforward, manly advice.'

Mary had hardly time to raise her meek eyes, now filled with approving tears, when George turning round, exclaimed impetuously, 'It is advice that shall never be followed. What, man, are you mad, to think of disgracing us all? Mary, will you speak, and bring him to reason? Make him accept my offer; come and live with me; and I'll see Dillon or O'Brien, and get them to use their interest to have him put upon the roads, or under the poor-law; anything, in fact, rather than see him selling meal.'

But Mary did not speak. She knew that any of the situations mentioned so ambiguously by her brother-in-law, even if attainable, were altogether precarious, depending on the evil days which all trusted would not last. No—much more gladly would she have seconded her cousin's advice; and oh how thankful she felt that her influence was not needed, that her husband's own upright feelings prompted the courageous step.

She was silent; and George, after waiting vainly a few moments, at last lost all patience when Frank and John Travers commenced discussing the details of the proposed plan. Interrupting them again with a strong and indignant protest, again offering his interest and his home when they should come to a rational mood, he took an abrupt leave, and rode away in a most discordant frame of mind; conscious that his conduct on their marriage deprived him of the right of interference now, and yet full of newly-awakened sympathy and affection prompting him to assume it.

But poor Mrs Danby! What were her feelings when Frank and Mary were actually established behind a counter, and that too in the very village where she had always held her head so high—literally within sight of the spot where she lived? With delight she had heard of George's generous proposal. In her own words, it would have been another feather in her cap to have her daughter presiding at Mount Nugent—in fact, mistress of the house; and great in proportion was her indignation at the lot they had preferred. It even outrivaled that of George Nugent; and equally finding remonstrance vain, she retreated in wrath to the back apartment again, determined not to witness their fall.

John Travers once more—but now really hopeful—had assisted in all their arrangements; taken a house for them in the village; attended the auction; privately purchased Mary's favourite little articles of furniture, and placed them in her new dwelling, so as to give it at once the air of home; put Frank's carriages in train, and his stores when they arrived: in short, smoothed the difficulties that would have seemed almost insurmountable to those habituated to such different pursuits.

It surely was a hard struggle not only against the wishes and prejudices of those they each respected and loved, but even against lingering doubts and feelings scarce acknowledged by themselves. Nothing but a strong determination to do right, to act honestly in the eyes of all men, and independently in their own, could have given them courage; and the step was hardly taken, when they reaped their reward. It was first a day's wonder, then approbation followed. The worldly-minded said 'they knew what they were about'; the generous-hearted sympathised with them, and warmly wished them success; but, dearest of all, they had the

blessing of the poor. Each week and each month throughout that calamitous year the pressure became greater—louder and louder the cry for food; and what an unspeakable happiness to our young beginners to feel that in their hour of need they had been led into a way of life that enabled them to bear a share in alleviating the distresses of others!

The prudent foresight of John Travers had advised the purchase of a cargo early in the year, and his kindness had insisted on adding what was requisite to make up the sum. Prices afterwards rose, doubled, quadrupled, in the rage for speculation, in the necessity that parted with all to save existence; but to the covetous practices that disgraced the period Frank Nugent formed a bright exception: he ascertained, in the first instance, what was really a fair profit, and no after-circumstances could tempt him to deviate from the scale he had laid down. In this resolution he was confirmed by Mary, who would eagerly exclaim, ‘Oh yes! would that we could part with it for even less—would that we were better able to prove our gratitude for abundance while so many perish for want! Yes, dear Frank, let us be not only contented, but oh how thankful, if this year only leaves us as it found us, still blessed with one another, even though, like Paul and his companions, we have been brought to land with nothing but the broken pieces of our ship!’

Frank smiled at her enthusiasm, but went steadily on: soon he had companions enough in his vocation; his experience made him an invaluable, indispensable member of the Relief Committee, while his moderate demands made all eagerly turn to him for its supplies. Those facts soon became apparent to George Nugent, and even to Mrs Danby’s narrower mind. Frank was not only met and associated with on equal terms as ever, but even held in honour by all the gentry of the neighbourhood; while Mary, attending indefatigably to her own share of the duty, received abundant testimony that her labour was not in vain; and thus conviction gradually stole on the minds of their offended relatives, and with it a truer estimation of themselves, and of the vanities they had each in their own way most highly prized, until at length the fastidious George Nugent might have been often seen lending Mary a helping hand during Frank’s unavoidable absences.

The year was ended, and brighter prospects opening on a suffering world, when Frank and Mary, with mother, brother, and true friend, were assembled for the evening in the quiet little parlour behind the shop; the former enjoying the little relaxation with double zest after a day of unusual weariness—a day of reckoning and calculation, as, with John Travers’s assistance, they wound up their accounts for the year that had gone by. No wonder they looked so happy: not alone had that kind friend been repaid, but a surplus remained exceeding their united fortunes before grasping agent, heedless brother, or luckless farm had melted them away. A thoughtful silence followed the glad announcement, interrupted at last by George exclaiming warmly, ‘You were right, Frank: dear Mary, you are always right; and it isn’t because of what we hear just now I say so; I have long been turning it in my mind: in eating the bread of your own earning, you have had power to give bread to many; and still more right you were in resisting my advice a second time, when I would have had you make more haste to become rich. To me, that never made a shilling in all my life, and whose only experience is in spending and in losing, there is something even miraculous in the way you have got on. Come, tell the secret, Mary. Had you, as Nurse Mahony used to relate long ago of our great-grandmother, who fed all her poor neighbours out of one chest of meal in some famine of old—had you an angel dove that would light on the chest with the earliest dawn, and shake meal from her wings until it filled as fast as it had been emptied the evening before? Had you such a dove, Mary?’

‘You should ask that question of Frank,’ said John

Travers softly. ‘If not favoured with angels’ visits, he has one sweet household dove that comes as near as mortal may to be an angel upon earth.’

‘Then what will that fair bird say?’ continued George in still livelier tones; ‘what will she think of my coming to propose another flight? Nay, Frank and John Travers, do not look so grave all at once; and Mary, do not turn those dove-like eyes away—rather turn them to that window, and you will see where I want you to alight.’ And his eyes brightened mischievously as he added, ‘Though neither Barley Hill nor Mount Nugent are in the view, look down, Mary, along the river’s bank, where the smoke is curling up through the old ash-trees; see where the sun is glancing on the water: yes, the wheel is still going round, the fire still on the hearth, but old Johnson died yesterday, broken-hearted, they say, at the failure of his miserly speculations in the end. God forgive him! he took his own turn out of the poor all the year; but at anyrate he is gone now, and the mill and the cottage fallen back into my hands. Frank and Mary, I owe you a good turn, so let me pay my debts too; even John can say nothing against that, or against my proposal now. You have capital enough and experience too; so take the mill, and may you thrive there as well as you have already done here.’

Once again—but on how much truer grounds—all parties were pleased; all the hearts then present more closely drawn together. Sweet had been the uses of adversity to all; but none showed their effect more plainly than Mrs Danby: a serene and chastened spirit was visible in all her manner, visible in her silence, in her grateful looks; and when the change was made, and every tongue was eloquent on the beauty of the situation, the advantages of the position, she scarcely ventured to whisper, even in her inmost heart, what once would have formed its loudest theme, ‘they have returned to their proper position after all.’

#### THE GREAT BEDFORD LEVEL.

WHILE the western side of the island of Great Britain is remarkable for its generally rocky and mountainous character, the eastern side is for the most part equally distinguished by its alluvial plains and soft sylvan scenery; the truth seeming to be, that the eastern coast is composed to a large extent of the washings of mud and sand from the higher regions of the west. In some places, the beach on the eastern shore consists of wide tracts of pure sand laid bare at the recess of the tides, and at others it is of the character of a marsh, in which water and vegetation carry on a contest for mastery. We propose to give a short account of the largest of these marshes, usually called ‘the great level of the fens,’ or ‘the Great Bedford Level.’

The district comprised in this term, about seventy miles long, and from twenty to forty wide, containing nearly 700,000 acres, is bounded by the high lands of six counties—Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Northampton, and Lincoln. The waters of nine counties are carried through it by eight rivers, four of which—the Witham, Welland, Nene, and Ouse—discharging their contents into the great estuary of the Wash, form the natural outfalls for that portion of the country. For a long period, extending farther back than our oldest historical records, this district has been an immense swamp, dreary and pestilential. The quantity of water pouring down from the uplands was greater than, from the levelness of the surface and choked condition of the outlets, could find a ready passage to the sea; besides which, the tides from the German Ocean rushing up the streams caused periodical inundations, and the whole region became a succession of shoals, stagnant lakes or meres, with intervening spaces of slimy bog, and a few elevated spots resembling islands. Such a wilderness as this must have been a paradise for wild-fowl, noxious reptiles, and barbarian freebooters. We have no knowledge of any attempts at reclamation prior to those of the Romans; remains of forts, mounds, and

gravel dikes made by these enterprising invaders being yet visible. One of their dikes, commencing on the Nene at Peterborough, may be traced to Lincoln, and, according to the late Mr Rennie, as far as the Trent. From what we know of the Romans, we may believe that their works were maintained by powerful industry; they compelled the natives to cut down trees and raise banks; but on their departure in the fifth century, the barriers and drains were neglected and destroyed, and the fens relapsed into their original condition. During the Saxon rule several monasteries were built on some of the higher grounds, the immediate precincts of which were doubtless protected and improved by the monks; but beyond this nothing was done in the way of general improvement. Readers of history will remember the use made of the fens in the Danish and Norman invasions; the woods and marshes became strongholds for fugitives, and a camp of refuge was held for many years in defiance of the enemy. It is probable that the condition of the district may have been sometimes better than at others; for Henry of Huntingdon and Willian of Malmesbury speak of it in glowing terms, describing the beauties of the level surface, the rich grass, vines, and apple-trees. Most likely this description was applied to the elevated sites cultivated by monks or other proprietors, as sudden floods occasionally devastated the rest of the country. Obscure traditions tell of inundations in far remote times: Dugdale records an irruption of the sea which took place in 1236, and destroyed men, ships, land, and cattle. A similar deluge occurred in 1613, and again in later times, so that the level kept up the character given of it, as having been 'for the space of many ages a vast and deep fen, affording little benefit to the realm other than fish or fowl, with overmuch harbour to a rude and almost barbarous sort of lazy and beggarly people.' Down even to within a very recent period, much of the surface consisted of dismal sloughs, overgrown with acres of reeds, a fountain ofague on a large scale. The inhabitants lived in a state of isolation from one another, and travelling was so difficult, that boards were affixed to the horses' shoes to prevent them sinking into the soft soil.

The task of reclaiming such a morass must have appeared hopeless, yet adventurers have not been wanting. From the era of William the Conqueror to the reign of Elizabeth, various bold efforts were made to reclaim at least portions of the fens. James I. also regarded the subject with much interest: successful drainage would give him new lands to distribute among his followers; and he is reported to have said that he 'would not suffer any longer the land to be abandoned to the use of the waters.' In his reign the first local act for draining was obtained, but not without great opposition. To insure success, the king invited from Holland Cornelius Vermuyden, an eminent Zealander, whose knowledge and abilities were presumed equal to the task. The undertaking was further supported by several Dutch capitalists, who, by what appeared to be a prudent investment, secured a home in the new country to which to flee in case of emergency. Vermuyden was knighted by James; the remuneration for his services was to be 95,000 acres of the fen. Though an able man, he originated many fatal errors, particularly that of relying too much on artificial cuttings, and neglecting the natural outfalls. His efforts in many instances were but temporarily successful. In addition to natural obstacles, he had to encounter those opposed to him by the inhabitants, who were exasperated at the 'invasion,' as they termed it, of their common lands. Their hostility was directed not only against 'the foreigners,' but against draining altogether. For the gratification of a few petty interests, it was thought better that a large tract of country should remain a pestilential waste than become productive. So great was the discontent, that when, in the reign of Charles I., a tax of six shillings per acre was laid on the whole fen land, to provide a drainage fund, not a single penny could be collected. An estate of 35,000 acres,

which the Earl of Lindsay had obtained and cultivated under the authority of the king, was reduced to its former condition by a mischievous assemblage of the 'lazy and beggarly people,' who broke down the banks and destroyed the drains. Rather than tolerate the presence of the hated foreigners, the feamen petitioned the Earl of Bedford, who held large estates near Ely, to undertake the work. He did so: large cuttings were effected, the principal being the 'Old Bedford river,' twenty-one miles long; but in the end the work was again stopped, in consequence of the opposition to the Dutch labourers who were employed. The son and successor of the earl, some years afterwards, in company with other adventurers, resumed operations under authority of an act of the Long Parliament, and now the 'New Bedford river' was cut, and other useful drainages effected. Scottish prisoners, captured by Cromwell at the battle of Dunbar, and Dutch prisoners, taken by Blake in his action with Tromp, were set to work on this great effort at land reclamation. After Cromwell's death, the works languished; but by the exertions of the Earl of Bedford, a charter was obtained from Charles II., and the 'Corporation of the Bedford Level' established in 1644. The body still exists; and to their able management are due the gradual improvements which have ever since taken place.

The opposition encountered by the early adventurers abated as the economic results of their labours became apparent; and attempts to reclaim different portions of the fens were made by other parties. The attempts, however, were rendered in a great measure abortive, by neglecting the outfalls of the river into the sea; the waters, not having free vent, were thrown back upon the interior, and there remained but to adopt the alternative of mechanical drainage. First a few horse-mills, and afterwards a vast number of windmills, were employed to raise the water; but all proved unavailing, until the powerful and continuous aid of steam was called into operation. At the present time there are from 40 to 50 steam-engines and 250 windmills working at the fens. The consequence is, that vast tracts of ground, once swampy and dotted over with pools, have been reclaimed and brought under cultivation. A powerful steam-engine is pumping the water out of Whittlesey Mere, which spreads over 1000 acres; and Holm Fen, which, a few years since, was a reed shoal of 5000 acres, now produces crops of excellent wheat. Ugg Mere is changed into productive fields; and Ramsey Mere, 560 acres, 'which once grew enormous quantities of long reeds (used for thatching in the neighbouring counties), now comprises three farms of beautiful land, on a higher level than the surrounding fen. And this mere has now farm-buildings built upon its bed, a good gravel road running through the middle of it, and produces fine crops of wheat and oats.'

As a necessary consequence, the value of lands has increased with the march of improvement. Farms which, thirty years ago, were bought at £5 per acre, are now worth seven or eight times as much. The annual rental of 1000 acres near Harscastle, in what is now one of the richest districts, was at one time less than £10. Now the fertility and productiveness of the Great Level have become proverbial—for crops and cattle there are few places which excel it. Some of its productions—such as wood and peppermint—are peculiar to the district; and recently a Yorkshire company have taken a considerable tract of some of the best land on lease for the cultivation of chicory. Within the last seven years the farms and pastures have been still further improved by underdraining; and the peaty soil, as it becomes drier, subsides from two to three feet, and is rendered more fruitful by the compression. Clay is found throughout the level, at various depths below the surface, and has been largely taken advantage of for admixture with the lighter soil. The excavations made from time to time have brought to light many evidences of the former state of the fens

—whole forests of oak and fir lying flat, with the roots yet firmly imbedded in the subjacent earth, remains of boats and habitations, farming implements and tools; and in one singular instance a meadow was exposed with the swaths of grass still ranged on the surface as they fell under the scythe. The discovery of these relics at different depths leads to the conclusion that the Level was at one time a vast estuary, in which the sea at different epochs has deposited layers of silt.

The presidency of the Bedford Level Corporation has devolved upon several eminent noblemen from the time of Francis, Earl of Bedford, to the present time. The company appoint a registrar and receiver-general of the taxes levied for the maintenance of works, and an engineer. The latter employs a superintendent, with a staff of sluice-keepers and labourers, whose duty it is to attend to the outfalls and make the necessary repairs. He is authorised to prevent the mooring of vessels in improper situations, or the deposition of any impediment that may retard the flow of the water. For the latter purpose he is furnished with rakes and other implements for the periodical weeding and clearing of the rivers. Each division of the Level has its superintendent and subordinate staff. The sluice-keepers are required to be on the watch night and day to close the gates against the flood-tide, and open them at the ebb, by which means the channels are kept scourred out. They have also to see that boats pass through the gates according to the established regulations, and to keep a daily account of the depth of the water on the sill of the sluice, recording floods or any other unusual rise.

The embanking up of the water-courses has brought a most important means of fertilisation within reach of the fen-farmers, known as 'warping.' This consists in flooding the lands one or two feet deep, by opening sluices placed for the purpose, and allowing the water to remain until all the mud in suspension is deposited before it is again drawn off. In this way any number of inches of a most valuable fertiliser may be spread over the land, with but little trouble or expense, and with a most remunerative effect. Such is the quantity of mud brought down by the rivers which traverse the fens, that the operation of warping is continually and naturally going on at their *embouchures* to an extent scarcely credible. According to Sir John Rennie, on the Nene channel the deposit was fourteen feet, and on the Ouse twenty-five feet perpendicular, in about six years. The quantity, however, varies according to situation; but two feet per annum appears to be no unusual amount. This circumstance has led to the taking in of many hundreds of acres from the sea. The first plant that makes its appearance on the new lands in the marsh samphire, which is soon followed by 'sea-wheat' (*Triticum repens*) and grasses. 'Experience has shown,' observes a writer in the Agricultural Society's Journal, to whose Report we are indebted for several particulars, 'that the ground ought to be covered by nature with samphire or other plants, or with grass, before an attempt is made to embank it.'

Similar reclamations are taking place at the outfall of the Welland, where the stream at present is compelled in a tortuous course by mud banks. The method adopted is to straighten the channel of the river by placing 'two rows of bush fagots, perhaps fifty yards in advance on the mud, at low water, on each side of the river. After a few tides these fagot heaps are found full of "warp," a mixture of fine sand and mud, which renders them in some degree solid; another tier of fagots is then laid upon the first, and is again embodied with them by the warp. This kind of embankment is continued in a straight line over sand and through water, or across the old bed of the river, the fagots being sunk in the water and bedded in the soft mud, by means of earth, &c. thrown upon them out of boats. One row is always advanced before the other on that side which will most impede the current of the

river; the tide, in coming up, overflows this weak fence, filling it with warp, and making it so strong, that the ebb water is unable to remove such an obstacle from its course, and is compelled to dig out a new channel through the sandbank in the intended direction. In this way the fagots are advanced, taking care to keep the "scour" side foremost, and a new deep channel is worn by the water.'

The most beneficial improvements yet effected in the draining of the fens are the new outfall of the Nene at Wisbeach, and that of the Ouse, by what is called the Eau Brink Cut, at Lynn. The former of these works cost £200,000; but by making the necessary embankments, more than ten thousand acres were gained from the sea besides the promise of future increase. For no sooner is a barrier bank raised, than the sea begins immediately to throw down a deposit at its foot. In this way the outside of some banks is elevated higher than the inside. By the 2½ miles of the Eau Brink Cut, the work of the late Mr Rennie, the last circuitous bends of the Ouse, stretching double that distance, are avoided. The cost was £150,000: a good part of the sum was wasted in defeating the opposition offered to the bill authorising the work in its passage through parliament. After the opening of the new cutting in 1821, its utility became so obvious, that five years afterwards, it was rendered still more serviceable by widening.

In 1751, a grand and comprehensive scheme was proposed by Mr Kinderley for uniting the rivers flowing into the Wash in one common channel, and conveying them away into deep water. The project, a most masterly one, has been since then occasionally revived, but no active measures taken to carry it into execution. In 1839, Sir J. Rennie drew up a report on the subject, demonstrating its entire practicability. The proposal is to straighten and embank the outfalls of the Nene, Ouse, Witham, and Welland—to conduct them to the centre of the Wash by a grand system of barrier banks, which will give an additional fall of six feet, and thus secure a channel that shall keep itself clear, and at the same time more effectually drain the interior; besides which, it would offer a safe roadstead for vessels. There is now reason to hope that the project so long in abeyance will be realised. Within the past few weeks meetings have been held on the subject at London and Lynn. The leading men of the latter town will subscribe £120,000 towards the undertaking; and it is understood that application for the necessary powers will be made to the next session of parliament. Seventy thousand acres of the Wash are already left dry at low water; but should this scheme be carried into effect, the number of acres reclaimed will be 150,000—a territory larger than some of our present counties—for which the name of Victoria Level has been proposed. The cost of reclaiming is estimated at £17 an acre, while the land, when gained, will be worth £60 per acre. According to one of the calculations, in 1862 the shareholders will be receiving 4 per cent. in addition to the repayment of the whole of their capital. Such a work as this is quite in accordance with the engineering intelligence and capacity of the age, of which it will remain a monument, stamped with a higher character than the great undertakings of antiquity—that of utility. When completed, we may hope that other portions of the island will receive the same attention. For example, the Solway Firth, Morecambe Bay, the Leven and Duddon Sands, all of which, if reclaimed, would add largely to the resources of the empire. A somewhat similar project is contemplated by our neighbours the Dutch in connection with a railway from Flushing to Middleburg, and across the islands of Walcheren and Beveland, to unite with a line on the mainland. At the narrowest part of the Sloe—the channel between the two islands—embankments or jetties have been carried some distance into the water, round which the conflicting tidal currents of the East and West Scheldt have deposited such a thick-

ness of silt, that Mr G. Rennie, on making a professional inspection of the place, found the channel fordable at low water, and recommended the carrying of the embankment entirely across, by which means it is calculated 40,000 acres will be naturally reclaimed in the course of six years, and be worth £40 an acre. The Dutch authorities have not yet determined on the project, but we think they cannot reject so desirable an acquisition of territory, especially as the railway will assist in restoring to Middleburg a share of its former prosperity. We cannot conclude our notice of the great level of the fens better than in the words of Sir John Rennie's report:—“If ever the undertaking should be carried into effect, not only will the drainage and navigation of an extensive district, bordering on the rivers Ouse, Nene, Welland, and Witham, and the Great Wash, and comprising little short of a million acres of land, be greatly improved, and thus their power of production be greatly augmented, which alone is worthy of considerable sacrifice to obtain, but an entire new district, containing 150,000 acres of valuable land (which is half as large again as the entire county of Rutland, which contains only 93,000 acres), may be added to the kingdom. It will, I trust, be admitted that few enterprises, if any, have offered a more satisfactory prospect, whether regarded in light of profit to the individual or to the community at large, and such as ought to command attention.”

#### GRESHAM COLLEGE.

WHILE there is so much discussion on the subject of popular education, and the plans of the present government are subjected to such severe scrutiny, it may be worth while to look briefly and occasionally at what past times have done; and for the present, at the institution for public instruction in the city of London, known by the name of Gresham College, of which it may be truly said that no foundation of the present day is based upon more liberal and comprehensive principles. The first of these is, that instruction in different sciences should be given gratuitously to all who wish to receive it: the second, that the professors be chosen with a sole regard to their character and attainments, and without any reference to their attachment to, or dissent from, the established church. The boundaries of science have been largely widened since Gresham's time; but there is nothing in his will to limit the range of his professors, or to prevent any addition to their number. The professor of geometry may embrace the entire subject of practical mechanics, or the professor of physic may lecture on chemistry, botany, or physiology.

Up to the year 1768, the professors resided and lectured at the spacious mansion of Sir Thomas Gresham in Broad Street. There Briggs, Barrow, Hook, Gunter, Sir William Petty, and Sir Christopher Wren, gave their lectures as professors of the College: there Newton, Boyle, Halley, and other eminent men of science joined them, and formed the Royal Society, which continued to meet for fifty years under its roof. The rents and profits of the Royal Exchange were bequeathed by Gresham for the support of his College, the trustees being the Corporation of London, and the members of the Mercers' Company.

It will hardly be believed that such an institution, beneficial to all, burdensome to none, should have been destroyed by an act of parliament. But so it was. The means employed to effect this barbarous and nefarious transaction are not known, and can only be conjectured. The result is, that the government of the present day possesses a site in the most valuable part of London, equal in size to that covered by the Bank of England,

for about £150 per year. Meanwhile the professors were driven to lecture in a small room in the Royal Exchange. Every motive to exertion was destroyed, since any endeavour to assemble an audience in a room of such scanty dimensions would have been absurd. In such circumstances, the lectures ceased to excite any interest or attention, those for whom they were designed being practically excluded from them.

In the year 1837 the Exchange was burnt down, and the cost of erecting the new one devolved on the trustees, to whom, as a temporary lecture hall, was offered the theatre of the City of London School; a room capable of holding 500 persons. It now remained to be seen whether Gresham College was a worn-out institution, and unsuited to the present state of science and of society, or whether it was still able to realise the intentions of its founder.

The trial exhibited a regular increase in the number of hearers, varying according to the general interest of the subjects, but always sufficient to show that the public attention, and especially that of the citizens of London, was directed to the re-establishment of the College. Several years elapsed before the building of the new Exchange began; and by this time the rebuilding of the College was no longer regarded as a doubtful or uncertain affair. A piece of ground belonging to the corporation, at the junction of Cateaton (now Gresham) and Basinghall Street, was fixed on for the site, and there Gresham College stands. It was opened on the 2d November 1843, with an appropriate address from the Rev. J. Pullen, the professor of astronomy; and an ode was composed for the occasion by Mr E. Taylor, the professor of music. Since that time, the number of hearers has gradually increased; having been in Michaelmas term of that year 2451, and in the corresponding term of last year 2940: so that the four terms give an aggregate attendance of from 10,000 to 12,000 persons per annum.

When Gresham College was razed to the ground by a decree of the legislature, had the ground on which it stood, and by which it was surrounded (reaching from Broad Street to Bishopsgate), been let out on building leases, the income arising from it would now have been nearly £10,000 per annum, instead of the pitiful sum for which the trustees were compelled to barter it away. It might have been anticipated that the present government of the country, having professed so much zeal for popular education, would have gladly done an act of tardy justice to an institution especially founded for, and dedicated to, the service of the people, without distinction of rank, sex, or sect—an institution fettered by no obsolete usages, but in active and useful operation, as far as its means allowed. These, at present, are very slender, owing to the heavy debt which the Gresham trust incurred by building the Royal Exchange and the College. Some addition to the library and apparatus, or some extension of the usefulness of the College, would have been an act at once graceful and just. The facts above stated were brought under the notice of the Marquis of Lansdowne; but in vain. A refusal to do anything for Gresham College was the result: an act the more ungenerous, as it proceeded from the descendant of a Gresham professor.

That the munificent design of its founder has been but partially carried out, is true; but this has arisen from events which he could not foresee. He left, in the Royal Exchange, what he regarded as an ample revenue for his College. And such it was, till its destruction in the great fire of London brought on the trust the heavy charge of rebuilding it; and before this debt was liquidated, the second Exchange shared the fate of the first, and occasioned a renewal of the debt. These were casualties which he did not contemplate; but still less would he have imagined that the government of England would, by an act of the legislature, have compelled his trustees to expend £1800 of the revenues of the College in its destruction, and thus deprive London of his munificent bequest.

It is, however, satisfactory to reflect that the germ of the institution yet remains; that its advantages, even with its present limited means, are extending; and that Gresham's generous wish of *instruction for all* is, as far as it can be, realised.

#### NARRATIVE OF A YORKSHIRE EMIGRANT.

In the last week of August 1831, a farmer at Barwick-in-Elmet, in Yorkshire, half ruined by an unfortunate lease, arranged his affairs, and with a small sum in his pocket, set out with his family for America. It was a matter for long consideration to which part of North America he should proceed; but he at length determined to go to Pike County, Illinois, where Mr B—, a person from the same part of the country, had already settled. The family of emigrants consisted of husband and wife, and five children; two elder children—a son who was employed as a teacher, and a daughter in service—being left behind. The leaving of this daughter has been the means of giving to the world an interesting narrative of the family experiences among the woods of Illinois. After a residence of a number of years in America, the mother returned to England for her daughter, and this afforded the son an opportunity of writing from the lips of his parent a minute account of the enterprise in which she had engaged. This narrative having been published by a bookseller in Leeds,\* with a view to furnishing exact information to intending emigrants, we are enabled to offer an outline of the difficulties and sufferings to which the family were exposed, and the hopes which cheered them on in the western wilderness. The language of the mother has been amplified by the son, sometimes not in the best taste; but, on the whole, the picture presented has all the force of truth, and we should suppose every particular to be substantially correct.

The route adopted by the emigrants was judiciously chosen: it was by Liverpool to New Orleans, and thence by steamers up the Mississippi. England was left with a pang of regret, mingled with fears for the future; and during the voyage across the Atlantic, anxieties pressed on the minds of the party. On arriving at New Orleans, the first thing was to exchange the English sovereigns they had brought with them for American dollars; the expenses, since leaving home, amounted to about £23. 'On leaving the ship, I felt renewal of my home-sickness, to use a quaint expression: it seemed to be the only remaining link between me and England. I was now going to be an alien among strangers. Hitherto I had been accompanied by persons who, when my pain on leaving home manifested itself, could sympathise with me. I should have preferred the meanest passenger on the ship to any I saw on the packet. As, however, we were all in haste to be on our way, I had little time to spend on those tender associations. I certainly left the ship with an aching heart; the captain and cabin passengers had been very kind to us during the voyage, and on going away, my children were severally presented with small tokens of approbation, of which they were not a little proud. I must now leave the ship to pursue my route up the stream of the Mississippi to St Louis, a distance of not less than thirteen hundred miles. The country on each side of the river is of a dead level, but to all appearance exceedingly productive, and cultivated with considerable pains. On account of the heat which prevails in these districts, the productions of tropical regions are here grown in great abundance. The extensive plantations, notwithstanding their flat appearance, are exceedingly beautiful; and if anything could have made me forget that I was an unsettled exile, the scenery of the country bordering this river must have done it. The time occupied in passing from New Orleans to St Louis was about twelve days. We reached the latter place about

noon, and found another steamer ready to convey us forward to the situation at which we purposed to remain. I had little opportunity of surveying the town, and therefore can say little respecting it, but was somewhat surprised to find that this noted city should be built principally of wood. Its situation is not the most eligible as regards health, being near the confluence of the Missouri and the Illinois; it is, however, on that very account likely to become a large and wealthy city, and is indeed by some described as such already. On entering the second steamer I found I had made a poor exchange; the weather was beginning to feel uncommonly chill, and our accommodation was here very inferior, so that we felt exceedingly anxious to be at our journey's end. Philip's Ferry, at which we intended to leave the river, was not more than one hundred and twenty miles from St Louis; we therefore comforted ourselves that we should soon be there.'

This place was at length reached; a boat was lowered, and the party were put ashore on what, to their consternation, appeared to be the edge of an uninhabited forest. It was a frosty night in November, and no accommodation of any kind presented itself. 'My husband and I looked at each other till we burst into tears; and our children, observing our disquietude, began to cry bitterly. Is this America, thought I?—Is this the reception I meet with after my long, painfully anxious, and bereaving voyage? In vain did we look around us hoping to see a light in some distant cabin. It was not, however, the time to weep. My husband determined to leave us with our luggage in search of a habitation, and wished us to remain where we then stood till he returned. Such a step I saw to be necessary; but how trying! Should he lose himself in the wood, thought I, what will become of me and my helpless offspring? He departed. I was left with five young children, the youngest at my breast. When I survey this portion of my history, it looks more like fiction than reality; yet it is the precise situation in which I was then placed. After my husband was gone, I caused my four eldest children to sit together on one of our beds, covered them from the cold as well as I could, and endeavoured to pacify them. I then knelt down on the bare ground and committed myself and little ones to the Father of mercies, beseeching him "to be a lantern to my feet, a light unto my path, and to establish my goings." I rose from my knees considerably comforted, and endeavoured to wait with patience the return of my husband. Above me was the chill blue canopy of heaven, a wide river before me, and a dark wood behind. The first sound we heard was that of two dogs that came barking towards us, so as greatly to increase our alarm: the dogs came up to us, but did us no harm; and very soon after, I beheld my dear husband, accompanied by a stranger, who conducted us to his habitation, whither our luggage was shortly afterwards removed in a wagon.'

Revived a little by a residence of one or two days in the log-hut of the stranger, who took care to exact payment for his hospitality, the family removed to the house of Mr B—, whose representations had induced them to come hither. It was a dwelling of the most miserable kind; and they gladly purchased and took possession of a property offered to them on easy terms. The method of purchasing public lands is here alluded to. 'The land in the various states has all been surveyed by direction of the government, and divided into portions of eighty acres each. For the sale of the land thus surveyed and laid down on large plans, a land-office is established in various central situations, where all the allotments of a certain district are sold, and the purchasers' names registered. Any person, therefore, who wishes to purchase one or more of these subsections, can see the plan, and select any that are unsold. They will even sell as small a quantity as forty acres; but as they do this merely to accommodate new settlers, no person already possessing eighty acres can purchase a smaller quantity than that at a time. In some of the

\* A True Picture of Emigration, &c. Sixpenny pamphlet. Green, Leeds; Berger, London.

older states the government lands are all sold off: it must therefore be bought of private owners: but in Illinois and other new states there is plenty unsold. The government price everywhere is one hundred dollars for eighty acres. As there are myriads of acres yet in their native luxuriant wildness, any person may with impunity cultivate as much as he chooses without paying anything; and as a further inducement, when a person begins thus to cultivate, no other person can legally purchase that land till four years have expired from the time of his beginning to cultivate. By obtaining what is termed a pre-emption, the improvement arising from his own industry is as secure to him for four years as if he was the actual owner. Should, however, he fail to pay for the land before the term expires, an indifferent person may then purchase it; but this seldom happens. Every person purchasing land at the office must declare upon oath, if required, that no other party has an improvement on it. And if it be proved to be otherwise, such purchase is in every case invalid, and the fraudulent party liable to a heavy fine. An improved eighty acres was the first land we purchased: we obtained it in the following manner:—A person named Mr Oakes having heard that a family about to settle was sojourning at Mr B—'s, came to invite my husband to buy some venison, which he had killed with his rifle just before. My husband went with him, and in conversation found he was disposed to sell his improvement right; for the four years were not expired, and he had not entered it at the land office. For this right he wanted sixty dollars. My husband told him he would call upon him the next day, and returned to Mr B—'s, after buying a quantity of nice venison at a halfpenny per pound. The following day my husband and I visited at Mr Oakes's, who took us round the estate, showed us the boundaries, which were marked out by large stones set at each corner, termed the "corner-stones." Mr Oakes had broken up about twelve acres, three of which were sown with wheat, and the remaining nine ready to be sown with Indian corn, oats, &c. the following spring. As we liked the situation and land very much, and were wishful to be settled, the agreement was completed that evening, and the money paid and possession obtained the following day. The reader is aware that the sixty dollars given to Mr Oakes were only for his house, improvement right, sugar-making utensils, &c. One hundred more we paid at the land office at Quincy, and we obtained the usual certificate or title deeds; and thus, by the 1st of December, having spent about L.30 in travelling, L.35 more in land, &c. we were the rightful owners of a farm of eighty acres, with a log-house in the centre of it.

The emigrants now had a house, but no furniture, except two boxes, two beds, and a few cooking utensils; and for the accommodation of his family the husband made a rude kind of table and stools. The family meals consisted of hasty-pudding, bread, and a little venison, to which was occasionally added milk, given by a neighbour in hard lumps, such was the severity of the frost. The bread was baked in a flat-bottomed iron pan, which is almost the only oven used by settlers. The purchase of flour reduced the cash in hand, on which a large draught was further made in buying a cow and calf, a young mare, and two pigs. Only four or five dollars now remained of all they had brought with them, and part of the sum they were obliged to spend in buying sulphur, to cure the family of a disease called the 'Illinois mange,' which attacks all emigrants shortly after their arrival. Serious inconvenience was felt in the want of soap; but this was finally got over when the pigs were killed. They mixed a part of the fat with a strong solution of wood ashes, and an excellent kind of coarse soap was the result. With another portion of the fat they made candles. The severity of the weather was a great drawback on comfort; but there were other things to damp the spirits. They were several miles from any store where articles could be procured, and five miles from a church. They now

regretted the step they had taken in leaving home. 'We had indeed plenty of corn bread and milk, but neither beer nor tea; coffee was our chief beverage, which we used very sparingly, for want of money. All the water we wanted we had to thaw; and during the nights, on account of the severe frosts, we were very cold indeed, although we always kept the fire burning. Our bedclothes we had taken with us from England, and we were unable to procure any more, as they were dear, and our means almost exhausted. We had indeed some good land, but it was nearly all uncultivated, and we had nothing to sell except our cattle, which we wanted. The only ground of hope we had was in our industry and perseverance. My husband worked very hard; the little time we had to spare after feeding the cattle and procuring fuel was spent in splitting trees to make rails.'

As spring advanced, the wheat which had been sown began to spring up, and the family hopes revived. The first produce of the farm was a quantity of sugar, made from the sap of maple-trees. This was a seasonable boon. By dint of hard-working, nearly three hundredweight of sugar, besides a barrel of molasses, were realised. The greater part of the sugar was sold to a storekeeper for seven or eight cents a pound; the payment being in Indian corn for seed, meal, a little coffee, two or three hoes, and an axe. 'It was now the middle of March, when Indian corn, the most useful produce of that country, must be sown, or the season would be past. We had land and seed, but no plough, nor any team, except an old mare, that we feared would scarcely live while she foaled, and consequently we could not yoke her. What could we do? If we did not sow we could not reap: we should have nothing to feed our cattle with the ensuing winter. All difficulties are overcome by labour. We set to work with our hoes; I, husband, and son—the latter under ten years of age—and day after day, for three successive weeks, did we toil with unwearied diligence till we had sown and covered in nearly four acres. We should probably have sown more, had not the rains, which fall in torrents at this season, prevented us.' The thunder and lightning which accompanied these torrents were very appalling. A greater source of disquietude made its appearance in the form of vast numbers of mosquitoes. These attacked the family at night, so as to prevent sleep; and no way was found to rid the house of them except that of raising clouds of smoke from green boughs.

Towards the end of June, the wheat, which had been sown to the extent of three acres, looked ripe; and having borrowed a couple of sickles, the husband and wife went forth to reap it. A terrible misfortune ensued. The husband stumbled over a log of wood, and falling on the sickle, he cut his knee severely. Next day the wound swelled, and was very painful, and symptoms of fever were apparent. The situation of the poor wife is described by her as heart-breaking; but it is not the practice of intelligent Englishwomen to moan over evils that may be assuaged by personal activity. Our heroine applied herself with diligence to foment the injured knee; and in a day or two she had the happiness to see the swelling and feverish symptoms abate. 'My situation,' she observes, 'was still embarrassing. Our wheat was quite ripe, indeed almost ready to shake; and if not cut soon, would be lost. We had no means of hiring reapers, and my husband could not stir out; I was therefore obliged to begin myself. I took my eldest child into the field to assist me, and left the next in age to attend to their father and take care of the youngest, which was still unweaned. I worked as hard as my strength would allow; the weather was intolerably hot, so that I was almost melted. In little more than a week, however, we had it all cut down. Meanwhile my husband had continued to mend, and was now able to leave his bed and sit in a chair, or rather on a stool, placed near the wall for support to his back, and made further comfortable with the help of a pillow or two. The wheat was still unhusked, and exposed to

the rays of the burning sun, by which it was in danger of being dried, so as to waste on the slightest movement. It was absolutely necessary that it should be gathered together forthwith. Having neither horses nor wagon, we here encountered another difficulty. The work, however, could not be postponed. With a little trouble I got two strong rods, upon which I placed a number of sheaves near one end of them; I then caused my little son to take hold of the lighter end, and in this manner we gathered together the whole of the three acres. My partner had by this time so far recovered, as to be able to move about with the help of a strong staff or crutch; and thus he came to the door to show me how to place the sheaves in forming the stack. The reader may probably suppose I am endeavouring to magnify my own labours when I tell him I reaped, carried home, and stacked our whole crop of wheat, consisting, as before stated, of three acres, with no other assistance than that of my little boy under ten years of age. My statements are nevertheless uncoloured facts; and what renders them still less credible, the work was performed in addition to the attendance necessarily required by my young family and sick husband, and during the hottest part of the year.'

As soon as the husband was able to work, he set about thrashing his wheat, which, when winnowed by throwing against the wind, measured eighty bushels. This quantity, which would bring a considerable sum in England, was, as a matter of necessity, sold to the store-keeper at his own terms. For a yard of common printed calico he exacted a bushel of wheat; and ten bushels were taken for two pairs of shoes; a little meal, a few pounds of coffee, a plough, and two tin milk bowls, cost the greater part of what remained of the wheat crop. Hopes which had been entertained respecting the crop of Indian corn now vanished. The grains had been sown too late, and were only hoed into the ground, whereas the land should have been ploughed. When the autumnal rains began to fall, the crop was cut, though much of it was still green. The little that was ripe was kept for seed.

The account which is given of the difficulty experienced in cutting the small crop of corn gives one a forcible notion of the troubles of settlers in remote situations. The instrument employed was a scythe, so old and blunt, as to render the work very toilsome. It would have done well if sharpened, but the family could procure no stone for the purpose. The narrator says she has heard her husband declare 'he would cheerfully work a fortnight for a good Yorkshire scythe-stone and a wrag whet-stone.'

October having come round, it was considered to be time to sow wheat; but where were the horses to plough the fields? A Mr Knowles was heard of who ploughed for hire, and a fifth of the produce was offered him in exchange for the operation of ploughing. Knowles declined the bargain—would not give credit; but said he would do the ploughing if the family would give him their watch. The watch, which had been brought from England, was accordingly parted with, and the wheat was sown as well as could be wished. In November, at the end of the first year in America, the members of the family had some reason for congratulation. They possessed land of their own, which was paid for; they had an increasing stock of cattle; a house over their head, and suffered no want of plain food. But all their clothes were getting into rags, and they had no money to buy new ones, and this materially aggravated their suffering from cold during the second winter. Hitherto they had contrived to keep clear of any serious debt, well knowing that debt is the ruin of a great number of settlers. One day they were waited on by a Mr Vanderoosen, who offered to sell them a cow and two young steers on credit; and heedlessly they made the purchase. It was a fatal step, deeply repented of. Vanderoosen's object was to get them into his power, and this power he speedily and remorse-

lessly exercised. On the point of being deprived of all by a sheriff's warrant, and turned adrift on the world, they were saved only by the interposition of Mr B—, who advanced money to pay the debt. An abundant produce of sugar enabled them to return fifteen dollars to their friend; and work was given for the loan of the remainder till all was paid. Forty pounds of sugar they exchanged for a sow and litter of pigs.

Matters were daily mending; but again came the period for ploughing, and still a team of horses was wanting. This is described as one of the most perplexing things connected with their agricultural labours. Their inability to plough the land was ultimately relieved by an unasked-for piece of kindness from a neighbour, who saw their difficulties. He ploughed the land gratuitously; and now they had the satisfaction of seeing twelve acres systematically put under crop. 'Till this time,' says the narrator, 'we had no garden; my husband therefore dug up about a rood of fine dry land, and fenced it round with brushwood, after the Yorkshire style of dead-fencing; the greater part of it we planted with potatoes, and the rest with other kinds of vegetables, obtaining the seeds and plants from older settlers. Before our wheat crop was ripe, we had finished the fence round the new field, and rooted up the greater part of the underwood growing thereon; most of the stronger timbers we allowed to stand, having previously cut the bark on the trunk, to prevent their growing; the rest we decapitated, and kindled fires round their stems to burn them away. This employment, and the attending to our cattle, employed the whole of our time till the wheat harvest, and I assure the reader we were not idle. At the usual time, about the end of June, we began to cut our wheat, retaining the old sickles which we had borrowed the year before.' The wheat harvest, at which father, mother, and son laboured, proved abundant; but by the carelessness of one of the little girls, the field took fire, and in spite of the united endeavours to quell the conflagration, a considerable portion of the crop was consumed. Seven acres were fortunately saved, and the sight of this quantity secure from the fire caused emotions of thankfulness. The toil-worn pair 'sat down and wept.'

The fire was the last great misfortune which the family experienced. Things gradually wore a brighter aspect. The early difficulties of settling had been overcome. With a portion of the wheat they purchased several articles of wearing apparel, paid off a small account for salt, and obtained gearing for a yoke of oxen; the value of forty dollars being left over in the hands of the storekeeper at interest. They were now enabled to plough the land with their own apparatus and oxen, which gave 'unspeakable pleasure and satisfaction.' After this, sowing and harvesting went on in regular course, and need not be particularised. A pre-emption right was bought from an adjoining settler, and by settling with the government at the usual price, a considerable addition was made to the family possessions.

At about a dozen years from the period of settling, the condition of affairs was as prosperous as could have been expected. Instead of the original log-hut, the dwelling consisted of a good house, provided with neat and suitable furniture. All were well clothed. Besides foreign luxuries, the family had plenty of good food, produced on the farm, such as beef, pork, butter, fowls, eggs, milk, flour, fruits, and vegetables. Places of public worship and schools had sprung up in the neighbourhood. 'We have at least twenty head of horned cattle, of which we kill or sell off some at every autumn; we have seven horses, including one or two foals; besides pigs, sheep, and poultry. Our land, which is of excellent quality, and very productive, extends to three hundred and sixty acres, more than a half of which is cultivated. Not wishing to manage the whole ourselves, we have two small farms let off, for which we receive as rent a dollar an acre. It is not difficult to let land

broken up at the above rate. Many who do not possess the means for purchasing land, are glad to rent a few acres, on which to grow provender for their cattle during winter, and food for themselves. I wish to make no boast of our possessions; but having told the difficulties we experienced at our commencement, I ought in fairness to state what our success has been. We have seen a neighbourhood rise around us; and in some situations where, at our first coming, everything appeared in its native wildness, small villages have now begun to rise. Means of comfort are now within our reach. We remember the time when we knew not where to apply for an article, if at all out of daily use; but by the increase of population, we can now easily obtain anything we require, either as food, physic, or clothing; and were we disposed to give up labour, we could live very comfortably on the fruits of our former toil.'

To complete the lesson which this candid statement is calculated to enjoin, the narrator refers to the unceasing exertions which had been employed, and mentions that much of the success finally achieved was owing to the unpurchased labour of the younger members of the household; thus showing that a family of children, who are a source of continual embarrassment in England, are, on the contrary, a sure means of wealth to the emigrant.

We would conclude by recommending the pamphlet before us to the notice of parties in humble life who may be pondering on the subject of emigration. As presenting a graphic picture of what in most circumstances is necessarily endured before reaching the point of ultimate comfort and success, it is a useful contribution to popular literature.

#### ANECDOTE OF SPANISH EXILES.

FRESH in the memory of many readers may perhaps be the touching little episodes and scenes which were often enacted and witnessed in our kindly land during those years when so many Spanish patriots sought an asylum with us. Destitute refugees in most instances they were; and when rare exceptions occurred, from the exiled having friends to supply them, or from their having succeeded in bringing with them jewels and other valuables, it was beautiful and refreshing to behold the charity and generosity with which they usually shared all they could possibly spare from their own absolute necessities with their less fortunate brethren.

There came to reside in our immediate neighbourhood, at the time I allude to, a Spanish gentleman with his wife, who occupied humble apartments in the house of an ancient ci-devant domestic of ours. Mrs Dorothy was a prim and precise specimen of crabb'd old maidism, though a really painstaking, well-meaning person at heart. Her domicile and its appointments, although without any pretensions to refinement or elegance, were scrupulously neat and clean; and as she depended upon letting lodgings for her support, it is to be supposed she was rather particular as to whom she received; children not being tolerated, from their destructive propensities, and foreigners specially eschewed because they were 'dirty.' Such being Mrs Dorothy's theory, we were at a loss to imagine what had led to her change of plan in favour of the Spaniards. Afterwards, indeed, the explanation seemed easy enough, as we thought it impossible that any one could resist the winning charms of the strangers' manners; and each day we heard from Dorothy herself new praises of her foreign lodgers: they were so quiet, orderly, and easily pleased; so polite and kind in their bearing; and their payments were so regularly anticipated, although their frugality was almost painful to witness. Dorothy was sure they were 'great people;' for although they had given their names only as Monsieur and Madame T—, she had accidentally seen miniatures set in brilliants, diamond stars, and other splendid ornaments; in short, Dorothy's obdurate heart was warmed in a way, I believe, it had never

been warmed heretofore. A few little offerings on our part of flowers and fruit, together with the sort of introduction of my being under the tuition of an accomplished Spanish lady, speedily brought about an acquaintanceship with the exiles; and we have the happiness of believing that in our home these charming persons passed some of the least irksome hours they had known since quitting their own sunny land. Dorothy was right as to her suspicions regarding their rank: they claimed descent from the ancient kings of Spain; and their clear olive complexions, blue eyes, and other decided characteristics, vouched (as they said themselves) for the truth of their claims.

The general was always engaged in writing during the day, but in the evening he often joined our domestic circle; and who that has ever heard a guitar in Spanish hands can listen to its lifeless strains when twanged by other fingers? Who that has ever listened to Spanish voice chanting the Moorish romance, cares to hearken to the tame English ditties of to-day? With the aid of singing, dancing, and story-telling, many months passed away; and they sometimes half forgot their poverty and privations, and we the difference of rank between our guests and ourselves.

We had reason to fear that they were too liberal, too generous towards their unfortunate countrymen; for their own means we observed were becoming more and more straitened, and many little comforts, and even necessaries, were abridged day by day; but who dared remark, or offer advice or assistance to them unasked? They indeed demanded, and we accorded, all imaginable sympathy and delicacy, but that was all.

One evening General T— and his lady came to visit us, bringing with them a stranger, whom they named as Don Pedro —. This young Spaniard had been the general's aide, and the latter still continued to manifest a warm and affectionate interest in his welfare. Don Pedro inherited all that chivalrous grace of form and bearing which we are accustomed to associate in our ideas as the necessary adjuncts of a high-born cavalier; added to which, a shade of the deepest melancholy and dejection contributed to enhance the interest he excited, although this was easily accounted for by his position as an exile, in ill health, and penniless.

He had subsisted as yet on funds arising from the sale of the valuable trinkets which he had worn about his person, and also by giving lessons in Spanish; but pupils were scarce, and teachers numerous; and now, with broken spirits and a shattered frame, he had come to his friends General and Madame T—, to see what change of air and careful tending would do to restore him. Dorothy had consented to make room for the invalid; but, alas for the proud Castilian!—how could he consent to burden these kind friends when their means were so rapidly dwindling away? Besides, other claims were pressing; there were large families of exiles in the utmost necessity, delicate females and children tenderly nurtured; raffles were got up, fancy articles made and sold, and all was done that active benevolence dictated; but as time wore on, distress became more urgent, and at length General T— consented to the repeated solicitations of Don Pedro, and permitted him to speak to his English friends about a raffle, as the best means of raising the full sum it was valued at, for a gold watch set with brilliants, the last treasure that Don Pedro owned. Madame, indeed, privately whispered that she did not think this sacrifice would have been tolerated by the general, had it not been deemed expedient that a trustworthy and competent messenger should immediately depart for Spain to convey despatches of importance and secrecy. Don Pedro was selected for the dangerous honour, and he undertook the mission with alacrity: 'For,' said Madame, smiling, 'he has left his love behind;' and to be 'faithful in love, and gallant in war,' was the national characteristic. Means were required to carry out this arrangement, and the sale of the gold watch offered the only way of raising them. It had belonged to Don

Pedro's deceased mother, to whom her son had been fondly attached; it was a family relic and heirloom, of inestimable value to him; nor do I think even we ever clearly comprehended how agonizing the sacrifice was. Don Pedro's morbid delicacy and fastidious shrinking from all appeals to raise feelings of pity, we entered into and respected; but we did not sufficiently comprehend his veneration and love for this old relic, with its quaint setting and unwieldy bulk. But if we did *not*, there was one who *did*; and this was the last individual in the world whom we should have suspected of entertaining such sentiments. Mr Jeremiah Bunson was a privileged lounger and ancient intimate, taciturn and eccentric, and a professed hater of all foreign interlopers; he was a thorough-paced John Bull, abominating all languages save his own; and the poor foreigners had rather learned to dread his incessant growling and uncourteous bearing towards them. We knew, indeed, that 'the bark' was often heard when 'the bite' was wanting; and the readiness he evinced to exert himself for the benefit of the needy in the affair before us, proved the sincerity and goodness of his heart. He was not wealthy, although, being a bachelor, he had no one but himself and his own whims to consult; and 'Jerry Bunson's whims' had passed into a proverb.

Two or three days after the subject was first broached, Mr Bunson informed us that he had been fortunate enough to find a purchaser for the watch, and there would be no occasion to establish a raffle; if Don Pedro intrusted him with it, the specified sum of eighty guineas would be paid down on the following evening. Poor Don Pedro! how pale he looked as he placed his beloved relic in old Jeremiah Bunson's hand: he struggled manfully, but could not repress some tears which rolled down his sunken cheeks. How ardently I longed to be rich, to have given him the money! I manifested to Jeremiah, when we were alone, the thoughts that were passing through my mind; but he only patted my head, and said, 'Pooh, pooh, silly child; the watch is a pretty bauble, and people like to have something to show for their money.' I muttered something concerning 'mercenary creatures' and the absence of all 'chivalrous feeling'; but Jeremiah chuckled, and coughed, and put the watch into his pocket.

The next evening the money was paid down as agreed upon, and in a few days Don Pedro was to start for Spain. At a very early hour on the morning of his departure he received an unexpected visit from Mr Bunson. This gentleman placed a small box in his hands, saying that the friend to whom he had consigned the watch, found it on inspection, so much more valuable than he had anticipated, that he considered a sufficient sum had not been demanded or paid for it; but that as he could not afford to disburse more, and 'a bargain was a bargain,' he requested Don Pedro's kind acceptance of a keepsake, enclosed in this case, which he hoped in future days would serve to remind him of English friends, and of his watch being in safe hands. All that Jeremiah requested was, that it might not be opened till Don Pedro set foot on Spanish ground. This was readily promised, thanks expressed, and the exile departed. After many weeks had passed away, Mr Bunson received a letter by unknown means, bearing Don Pedro's signature, and written in Spanish, which of course rendered a translation necessary ere our worthy friend could profit by its contents. Of these I will not attempt a repetition; to English ears they would sound rhapsodical; but let us imagine what Don Pedro said when, on opening the box, he found it contained his lost, his beloved old watch! How happy Jeremiah was! He said he must learn Spanish, if it was only to read this letter from the noble youth; and I believe he did consult my preceptor on the subject; but after the first lesson, the attempt was abandoned in despair.

Don Pedro eventually obtained pardon, rank, affluence, and a bride in his own land. In after-years he again wrote to Jeremiah Bunson; and this time the packet contained not only the borrowed sum, but a

magnificent snuff-box set with diamonds, and portraying on the lid a likeness of the dark-eyed beauty, who, Don Pedro said, had learnt to pronounce Mr Bunson's difficult English appellation with gratitude for the kindness shown to her husband.

Over the fate of General T—— I must draw a veil: history has detailed it, with all its dramatic horrors; and little did we contemplate, when enjoying such intimate and close communion with these amiable foreigners, that the gentle manly heart would so soon cease to beat; and that a disgraceful death as a rebel would be the ultimate fate of him whom we had only known as the devoted tender husband, the attached friend, the generous single-minded Christian, and the chivalrous accomplished gentleman.

#### G A R D E N S.

THE word suggests a summer theme, but, like gardening, it has a portion for all seasons, and an interest for almost every mind: few there are who cannot find pleasure in the exercise of that primitive art; and those few, generally speaking, will be found themselves uncultivated within. The love of gardens is a feeling at once the most universal in its extent and the most salutary in its operation, of any that has been retained by modern society; it belongs to the primeval times, and keeps the freshness of old rustic nature about human hearts and homes through ages of dusty toil and mechanical civilisation. We cannot conceal from ourselves that much of life as it now appears has the artificial stamp upon it; our daily business, our habits of action and even of thought, our social arrangements, and our domestic manners, all bear the impress of machinery and making up: they were made up for us, in fact, before we knew them, or so much as entered this living world. But the roses that summer flushes so brightly in the rich parterre, the woodbine that blooms on the cottager's garden wall, or the bed of snowdrops that delights the cottage child, when the days are lengthening and the robin begins to sing—these are the forms renewed that come and go with the seasons, and are nursed beyond human comprehension or control.

The fields are far off to the inhabitants of cities, and those of the country know them to be the meadows or harvest ground that must be reaped and sown, the domains of utility tilled by laborious strength: beautiful are they in the first green of the corn, and rich when it waves wide and yellow in the autumn's sun and breeze. The trust, the life of the world are there; but the garden is the cultivator's own demesne, to which his leisure is given where his taste finds scope, and over whose wealth he rejoices as that which comes without either risk or misgiving; hence from the earliest date of history and civilisation men have delighted in gardening—the sage and the simple have found it equally attractive. It has been the amusement of princes, poets, and philosophers; minds of the highest order, in both ancient and modern times, have made it their chosen study, and unlettered hard-working men, in the rough byways of life, have selected it for their only relaxation. He was a curious, though not unphilosophic observer who remarked, that wherever taste and care were exhibited in the garden, whether pertaining to cottage or castle, the traveller might fairly reckon on civility and refinement in the household. Gardens are entirely unthought of by savage tribes. Those of them who plant roots or sow grain have no idea of the small enclosure for mingled ornament and use which is generally understood by that term among us. The garden occupies a large space in most people's home recollections: all whose childhood has been passed in the country will remember some little spot in which their earliest attempts at planting were made—how often the first roots were pulled up to see if they were growing; and when at length sounder principles of horticulture were acquired by the expanding mind, with what cheerful and earnest industry were the weeds removed, the

flowers trimmed, and, more than all, the requisite duties done to that first estate—better kept perhaps than the patrimony or the acquisitions of after-life ; and when it grew to prosperity and bloom, under shower and shine, and hopeful labour, oh how great was the triumph, and how rich seemed the reward ! In this sense the garden has its worldly uses, by initiating the young into habits of industry and forethought, not to speak of the far higher lessons it presents to the spring-time of their souls regarding that Infinite Wisdom that has so perfectly arranged what a German philosopher calls ‘the harmonies of vegetable life.’ It is sad to think how often such pleasant instruction is forgotten in riper years ; but the garden keeps its hold on the memory through many a change. This is beautifully expressed by the poet, who makes a dying child say—

‘ Brother, the little spot I used to call my garden,  
Where we sat in early spring to watch the budding things.’

And another description of the childish garden and the laburnum-tree that had long survived the boy on whose birthday it was planted, has come home to the early recollections of thousands.

Solitary and isolated persons are generally garden lovers : the monks and nuns of old Catholic times were celebrated as such. Many of our now common flowers and even fruit-trees were first introduced by the gardening monks in barbarous and turbulent ages. Pilgrims and Crusaders occasionally brought them presents of seeds or slips from Syria and the south of Europe ; by which means the cherry, strawberry, tulip, and pink, together with a vast variety of garden plants and trees, were propagated in England. The abbot of Sir Walter Scott’s well-known novel, who, after the Scottish Reformation, quietly adopted the profession of a gardener, though a subordinate, is not the least interesting character in the work, and seems to have practised his chosen vocation to good purpose in the monastery. It is to the quiet cultivators of gardens for solace or amusement that many nations owe the introduction of some of their most valuable plants. Most people are aware that the potato was thus planted first in Ireland by Raleigh, at his Youghal garden ; and wheat was introduced into Mexico by a negro slave, who found a few grains in sacks of American maize purchased by his master, and planted them in his own small garden in the twilight, when his work was over.

Emigrants and exiles have thus propagated the flowers and plants of their native country in far distant regions. The remnant of the Moors driven from Spain in the sixteenth century are said to have brought the orange of Seville with them into Barbary ; and almost in our own day, some French refugees have added the vine to the plants of Southern Australia. In the story of ‘Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia,’ there occurs the description of a garden cultivated by her father, in the hours he could spare from hunting, for the family subsistence, in order to rear the hardiest wild-flowers of his native Poland, the only ones that would grow in the rigours of that climate.

The fathers of the church were in the habit of comparing the soul to a garden : probably the monastic custom already remarked made the simile familiar to their minds. ‘ Cultivate thy soul,’ says one, ‘as thou wouldest thy garden ground ; root out the weeds year after year, for the seasons will renew them ; cherish the flowers, and see that thou bestow most care on that which is most likely to fail.’ Gardens figure conspicuously in the mythology of all nations living under a warm or temperate climate. The Mohammedan paradise is represented under that symbol. The Chinese speak of the gardens of the immortals, which are said to be situated among the mountains of Thibet, and blest with perpetual summer : nothing within their bounds can die or grow old, and several ancient sages are believed to have retired to dwell among their bowers ; but for centuries mankind have lost the way, and no

traveller has ever succeeded in finding it, though the Chinese poets celebrate many who made the attempt ; but few of them returned to their homes, and those who did so, could rest no more. There is a wild tradition among the Arabs concerning the gardens of the desert, which are believed to have been formed by an ancient tyrannical king at enormous expense and labour. They say that he had conquered all the nations of the East, and boasted he would conquer the sands also ; but having at length completed his design, of which the Arabic legend retains a dazzling description, the gardens suddenly became invisible in the pomp of their richest bloom, and neither the monarch nor any of his successors ever again beheld them ; but bewildered travellers have caught glimpses of them at times through the falling twilight, and given splendid though vague accounts of their gorgeous trees and flowers. The Hindus believe that the widow who consumes herself with the corpse of her husband will expiate the sins committed by him and all her relations, and dwell with them in a magnificent garden for ten thousand lacs of years. In the legends of the north gardens have no place : the Scandinavian and Icelandic traditions speak only of halls and forests ; and the old superstitions of Russia bear the same character. In those lands of pines and snow, gardens must have been unknown in earlier times, but civilisation has brought them in its train. The Norwegian cottager now cultivates a garden of his own, fenced round with firs, furnished with peas and turnips ; and if the owner be tasteful, perhaps a bed of daffodils, or yellow crowfoot, varied with the foxglove and a rose bush or two ; for it is remarkable that some variety of the rose is to be found in almost every climate south of Greenland. The Royal Garden at Stockholm contains one of the best collections of plants now in Europe ; and it is well known that more pine-apples are produced in the neighbourhood of Petersburg, in spite of its nine months’ winter, than in that of any other capital in Christendom.

Asia was early celebrated for its remarkable gardens : those of Babylon, which rose on a succession of terraces, supported by ponderous pillars, to the height of the city walls, were famous in ancient times ; and the floating gardens of Cashmere, though of a comparatively modern date, are not less so. They consist of enormous rafts, with sides like boxes to contain the soil, which is heaped in to a depth sufficient for the growth of large shrubs, and even trees ; by these means a garden is formed, with arbours and parterres filled with the finest plants of the East, and generally a kiosk, or summer-house, in the centre. As the huge rafts, though moored to the shore with great cables and pillars, move with every undulation of the water, they are said to resemble floating islands, clothed with the richest bloom and verdure. Some gardens of the eastern world, especially those of Persia and Hindooostan, are of immense extent ; but, like everything valuable in that direction, they are always attached to royal palaces, private individuals rarely expending much care or taste on their gardens, and the humbler classes scarcely ever seeming to think of such things. With public gardens the Asiatics are entirely unacquainted ; that method of unbending the popular mind is yet in advance of their civilisation. Most readers are aware that gardens of this description are now in every city of Europe. Paris contains probably the oldest, and one of the most complete. The history of gardening exhibits many and strange revolutions : the old Romans had their garden walls painted in scenes and patterns like some of our modern apartments ; but in respect of cultivation, their art went no farther than planting the fruits and flowers most congenial to the soil : all our conservatory and hothouse practices were unknown to them.

About the close of the seventeenth century, a mode of gardening was invented by Le Notre in France, which was soon adopted over all Europe, and of which the gardens of Versailles present the best specimen. The chief characteristic of Le Notre’s style was excessive re-

gularity—trees were cut into fantastic shapes, beds were squared, walks and hedges were made straight by rule and line: if water was introduced, it was as a formal *jet-d'eau*, or a pond resembling a canal; where the ground sloped, it was laid out in a succession of terraces; and at every available point there was stuck the figure of a heathen god or goddess. While this stiff style ran its course on the continent, it was ridiculed by Addison in England, and gave place to a modified system of gardening, in which artificial wildnesses were interspersed with all sorts of oddities. A writer on gardens of this new style of art thus describes their appearance:—‘What in nature is dispersed over thousands of miles, was huddled together on a small spot of a few acres square: urns, tombs; Chinese, Turkish, and Hindoo temples; bridges which could not be passed without risk; damp grottos, moist walks, noisome pools, which were meant to represent lakes; houses, huts, castles, convents, hermitages, ruins, decaying trees, heaps of stones—a pattern-card of everything strange, from all nations under heaven, was exhibited in such a garden. Stables took the place of palaces, kennels of Gothic temples, and this was called natural. Pope, at Twickenham, had a garden of this character, which was adopted as a model.

Since this era of artificialities, gardens have undergone various changes of style, the taste which prevails in England having latterly spread far and wide. This new style of gardening consists in a happy blending of nature with art—it is nature directed, not tortured. The principal peculiarity of the modern English garden is the green and finely-shaven lawn, with patches of cultivated flowers and shrubs, and the whole interspersed with winding walks. Beyond this, we think, it would be difficult to go. If gardens have not reached perfection, it is at least something to say that the *jardin Anglaise* is now universal.

Perhaps the natural taste for gardening was never more strikingly exemplified than in the case of Saabye, a Danish missionary, who, with his wife, resided many years on the coast of Greenland. The missionary's house was surrounded by high rocks, which partially sheltered it from the fury of the northern storms and sea; but the mould on the stony soil in its vicinity was not deep enough for any root, and Saabye and his wife were obliged to transport the requisite additions from a considerable distance in a tub, having no other utensil suitable for the service. Thus the first garden in Greenland was formed; and the missionary planted it after the manner of cottage gardens in Denmark, with seeds sent him by the ship that came annually at midsummer. The results of his gardening experience in the polar regions are curious. It was not till the beginning of July that the frost of the long winter was sufficiently thawed to commence operations; there was then a summer of two months' duration and continual day, the vegetation being proportionally rapid: cabbages flourished remarkably well, turnips grew to the size of a teacup, lost their bitter taste, and acquired an agreeable sweetness; but Saabye's carrots were never larger than the stalk of a tobacco pipe. Celery and broad beans would not grow at all; peas ran into bloom, but did not set; and the missionary seems to have regarded these as the only flowers of his garden. Yet in that dreary and remote solitude, surrounded by the natives of the north, whose language they were years in acquiring, the devoted exiles found pleasant occupation and familiar memories of their far old home in the spot so hardly redeemed from sterility, and yielding at the best such scanty returns for their labour. Nor can the subject be wound up without recalling the observations of Lord Bacon in his essay on gardening:—‘God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures: it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks; and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely,

as if gardening were the greater perfection.’ Yes, gardens are clearly significant of elegance. He cannot be a bad man who loves either flowers or gardens!

#### HOMES AND DWELLINGS OF THE HUMBLER CLASSES.

On this subject we copy the following from ‘Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper’:—

‘The searching inquiries of the commissioners appointed to report on the Health of Towns have clearly demonstrated that the rate of mortality is greatly increased in those localities which are densely crowded, undrained, badly ventilated, and imperfectly supplied with water. An investigation of the sanitary condition of nearly one hundred of our principal cities and towns traces the same results to the same causes, so that the evidence adduced admits of no refutation. In the cellars of Liverpool and Manchester, in the wynds of Glasgow, in the courts and alleys of London, typhus constantly is present; and the dwellings of the poor in these districts are the abodes of pestilence and epidemics. The sole property of the working-man being his labour, and that labour being suspended when health is deranged, the sanitary question branches out into a financial question; and Dr Southwood Smith has justly remarked that of all taxes, the heaviest is the fever tax. To those, then, who have few or no sympathies with their humbler brethren, and are deaf to the calls of humanity, we must apply the argument derived from the pressure of poor rates, and appeal from benevolence to cupidity; interest and duty here act both separately and in combination to rouse the wealthier classes, where government does not interfere, to take such measures as may best promote the public health and diminish the rate of mortality. We are happy to state that an Association, having these objects in view, is now being formed under highly favourable auspices, having the title of the “Suburban Village Association”; and we have reason to believe that the plan originated with Lord Morpeth.

‘It is proposed to render the railway subservient to public health, by constructing houses at various stations, from four to ten miles distant from London, suited to clerks, artisans, and others of limited income, and to include in the rent a daily ticket to London and back again. To insure perfect ventilation, and to guard against overpopulation at any future date, only six cottages will be built to the acre, and each of them will have a good garden. As the Association is incorporated for a philanthropic purpose, and not with any money-mongering design, the dividends are not computed at more than five per cent. on the capital to be invested; so that the rent will not exceed that paid for rooms in the confined courts of the metropolis.

‘A project of this description merits the most complete success. As a pecuniary investment, nothing can be safer; and though it does not tempt the gambling speculator by extravagant gains, it offers to the prudent a moderate profit without any hazard. We may confidently affirm that buildings of the character proposed will never be depreciated in value, but will at all times readily find tenants who appreciate the advantages of pure air. The children of the labouring men brought up in these villages will be removed from the demoralising influences of the metropolis; and as it forms part of the scheme to attach a school and a church to each district, both religious and moral culture will receive due attention. Thus the Horatian precept will be acted upon, and these villages become nurseries in which sound minds will be trained up in sound bodies.

‘The principle here set forth in reference to the metropolis is equally applicable to the neighbourhood of all large and densely-crowded cities. The parties promoting the plan should bear in mind that they will not only obtain five per cent. on their investment, but save considerably in their poor rate. The children now vagabondising in the streets, and too frequently preparing themselves for the jail or the hulks, will be brought up in habits of industry and virtue, and when arrived at mature years, will be a benefit instead of a nuisance to the state. Among all the speculations that have been propounded, we know of none, in its direct and indirect consequences, more calculated to produce the best advantages to its originators and to those who will participate in the plan as tenants; while the incidental good that must accrue to society at large if the country towns follow the example of the metropolis is incalculable.’

[We cannot but approve of the scheme here alluded to for providing healthful homes for the humbler classes out of town on lines of railway. But we venture to predict that the parties for whom the benefit is more specially intended will not take advantage of it. They will still prefer living in mean crowded alleys, garrets, and cellars, near central thoroughfares, where their associates reside, and where public-houses and pawnbrokers are in convenient proximity. That small tradesmen, clerks, and others, who know the value of pure air, and aspire to a respectable mode of living, will gladly embrace the privilege offered by the Association, no one can doubt.]

## THE SILK TRADE.

The recent disturbances in France are likely, and that soon, to lead to a most important event—namely, the removal of the fancy silk trade from Paris and Lyons to England. The apparent impossibility of conducting either this or any other manufacturing establishment with safety and profit to the capitalist, has already (but only as many had anticipated) turned the serious attention of some French houses engaged in the fancy silk trade to look out for some other locality, where their operations can be carried on without the interference of the Communists. In proof of this, there are now parties in Coventry and Manchester, and no doubt in London, recently arrived from Paris and Lyons as pioneers; and, from information that may be relied upon, there is every reason to believe that several establishments will forthwith be removed to England—but which will, in all probability, for the present be at Coventry, though London and Manchester cannot possibly fail to participate greatly in the benefits which this movement is sure to create. The Parisian and Lyons workmen will then learn, by bitter experience, if in no other way, that capitalists who have anything to lose will not permit the interference and dictation of Communists as to the mode in which business shall be conducted. It is therefore probable that the silk trade of Europe will permanently settle in England.—*Leeds Mercury.*

## A HELP TO ENERGY.

To-day I found myself compelled to do something which was very disagreeable to me, and which I had long deferred: I was obliged to resort to my "grand expedient" in order to conquer my aversion. You will laugh when I tell you what this is; but I find it a powerful aid in great things as well as small. The truth is, there are few men who are not sometimes capricious, and yet oftener vacillating. Finding that I am not better than others in this respect, I invented a remedy of my own, a sort of *artificial resolution* respecting things which are difficult of performance—means of securing that firmness in myself which I might otherwise want, and which man is generally obliged to sustain by some external prop. My device, then, is this:—I give my word of honour most solemnly to myself to do, or to leave undone, this or that. I am of course exceedingly cautious and discreet in the use of this expedient, and exercise great deliberation before I resolve upon it; but when once it is done, even if I afterwards think I have been precipitate or mistaken, I hold it to be perfectly irrevocable, whatever inconveniences I foresee likely to result. And I feel great satisfaction and tranquillity in being subject to such an immutable law. If I were capable of breaking in after such mature consideration, I should lose all respect for myself; and what man of sense would not prefer death to such an alternative?—*Tour of a German Prince.*

## TOO LATE.

Some men are always too late, and therefore accomplish through life nothing worth naming. If they promise to meet you at such an hour, they are never present till thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business is either to yourself or to him, he is just as tardy. If he takes a passage in the steamboat, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf, and the cars have started a few minutes before he arrives. His dinner has been waiting for him so long, that the cook is out of patience, and half the time is obliged to set the table again. This course the character we have described always pursues. He is never in season, at church, at a place of business, at his meals, or in his bed. Persons of such habits we cannot but despise. Much rather would we have a man too early to see us, always ready, even if he should carry out his principle to the extent of the good deacon, who, in following to the tomb the remains of a husband and father, hinted

to the bereaved widow that, at a proper time, he should be happy to marry her. The deacon was just in season; for scarcely had the relatives and friends retired to the house before the parson made the proposition to the widow. "You are too late," said she; "the deacon spoke to me at the grave." Scores have lost opportunities of making fortunes, receiving favours, and obtaining husbands and wives by being a few minutes too late. Always speak in season, and be ready at the appointed hour. We would not give a fig for a man who is not punctual to his engagements, and who never makes up his mind to a certain course till the time is lost. Those who hang back, hesitate, and tremble—who are never on hand for a journey, a trade, a sweethearth, or anything else—are poor sloths, and are ill calculated to get a living in this stirring world!—*From a newspaper.*

## THE KING'S HUNT IS UP.

[The following capital song is given by Mr Collier in his "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company." It is supposed to be the production of a writer called Gray, who was held in good estimation by Henry VIII. and the Protector Somerset "for making certain merry ballads."]

Huz hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
And it is well nigh day,  
And Harry our king is gone hunting,  
To bring his deer to baye.  
  
The east is bright with morning light,  
And darkness it is fled;  
And the merie hornes wakes up the morn  
To leave his idle bed.  
  
Beholde the skyes with golden dyes  
Are glowing all around;  
The grass is greene, and so are the treene,  
All laughing at the sound.  
  
The horses snort to be at the sport,  
The dogges are running free;  
The wooddes rejoice at the merry noise  
Of hey tantara tee ree.  
  
The sunne is glad to see us clad  
All in our lustie greene,  
And smiles in the skye as he riseth hye,  
To see and to be scene.  
  
Awake all men, I say agen,  
Be merie as you maye,  
For Harry our king is gone hunting,  
To bring his deer to baye.

## A CHRISTMAS TALE.

Whilst the last generation was flourishing, there dwelt in what is now a famous city, not a mile from Boston, an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer manifestation of that odd compound of incompatibles called "human nature." It was a Christmas eve of one of those old-fashioned winters which were so "bitter cold." The old lady put on an extra shawl, and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant, "It is a terrible cold night, Scip. I am afraid my poor neighbour, Widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheelbarrow, Scip; fill it full of wood; pile on a good load, and tell the poor woman to keep herself warm and comfortable. But before you go, Scip, put some more wood on the fire, and make me a nice mug of flip." These last orders were duly obeyed, and the old lady was thoroughly warmed both inside and out. And now the trusty Scipio was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again. "Stop, Scip; you need not go now: the weather has moderated."—*Boston Recorder.*

## DIFFUSION OF BOOKS.

If it is true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without a book; there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which, being restrained, will be no hindrance to his folly.—*Milton.*

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